

Missionary.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]
MISSION TO THE SLAVES AT BEAUFORT, AND
THE NEIGHBORING ISLANDS, S. C. CONF.

DEAR BROTHER—I write to you, and through you to all the friends of missions, and the people of God, requesting your continued prayers in behalf of this mission and all the missions, particularly those to the slaves on plantations. We have nothing special to communicate—our work requires grace, patience, perseverance, and time.

The people are evidently improving in temporal matters. They are more attentive to their persons and to their families in cleanliness, and having their little comforts about them, such as their poultry, gardens, and so on. It is common on the most of the plantations included in this mission, and particularly during the summer months, that they get through their tasks by 2 or 3 o'clock each day. The balance of the day is theirs to appropriate as they please, which time many employ in attending to their own domestic comforts. There is also a manifest improvement in their morals, more particularly in keeping holy the Sabbath day, and avoiding swearing or drunkenness, which is seldom practised; indeed it has been a length of time since I have heard or seen either of the last vices, although they have the opportunity of getting spirits. The obligations of husband and wife are also being more successfully discharged. It is also becoming a custom for the parties to meet at the place of worship on the days of preaching, and having the form of marriage solemnized in the presence of the congregation. Several of the planters have aided us much in introducing regular marriages. This may be said to be gaining considerable, as they please, where there has been heretofore no such duty until the missionaries came, and where there is now existing a considerable objection with many of the people against lawful marriages; it is a check upon that licentious course which has proved a flood-gate to other evils. It also places a responsibility on the owner, of keeping husband and wife together.

We have also had the privilege the present year of baptizing more children than heretofore, which is another indication of a brighter day; and in several instances, where our extent of labor would permit, attending to the burial of the dead. On one occasion of burial, I have reason to believe much good was done. A woman, who was a member of the Church, and who had died in full hope of immortal life, was to be buried at night, it being the most convenient time for the people to be together. Accordingly I met the people at the time appointed. The plantation being large, many were present. The corpse was conveyed about a quarter of a mile to the burial ground, the procession moved slowly and silently along, with lighted torches interspersed through the ranks. This presented a solemn scene; but after we arrived at the burial place it was still more solemn. A grove standing in the midst of a large clearing, which had been sacredly kept for years as belonging to the dead, undisturbed by even the footsteps of man, except when another was to be laid in the earth, and under the shade of the cedars. Here we all met around the grave, in the midst of the grove. It was a dark night, but in the midst of the grove it was still more dark. All was silent, except the thrilling note of the whip-poor-will, who had made this lonely retreat his home; all around us lay the graves of the dead of all sizes. The reflection from the many torches presented them full to view in every direction, as though they had but just been closed; so thick was the shade above, that no grass grew on that spot. I have attended many of my fellow beings to the grave; but never did I witness a more solemn time, and yet I felt it a blessed time. I felt it a duty to try and improve the occasion of our being together; and indeed it was a time of weeping—some of the most stubborn were melted into tears. The husband of the deceased and her infant child were near the grave; he, before a careless man, now wept aloud—and since that period has shown his grief was not of a worldly kind; he has offered himself to the Church, and his child he has had baptized. Many others on the plantation have become serious, and are now on trial.

There are on two or three plantations some indications of the Spirit of the Lord being there. We are looking forward with pleasing anticipations, when the light will shine on these benighted ones; for the Lord has promised it.

We are glad to see the standard of morals raised among the people, and many coming in to it; and we should still more rejoice were there more sound conversions to God. Since our conference we have admitted to membership and baptized 22. We have also received 13 more on trial; dropped and expelled 5; 3 have died. We have still about 430 children under catechetical instruction. There is a foundation laying among them for much more genuine Christian knowledge than ever their fathers enjoyed—and their daily deportment speaks well for them as they advance into life. Of late I have commenced devoting some little time to the teaching of the adults, on the Sabbath day, before public worship commences—the nature of the sacrament, the ten commandments, apostles' creed, and so on. Having to preach several times on the Sabbath, we have not as much time to instruct them as could be wished for.

Affectionately, THOS. E. LEADBETTER.
June, 1837.

The following letter we have given verbatim from the manuscript of the converted native by whom it was written. Brother Henry was a few years ago a pagan, unacquainted with the religion of the Saviour; by whose grace he has been, through the instrumentality of the Methodist missionaries, raised from his former degraded condition, and rendered happy and useful to his countrymen. May he be kept humble at the Saviour's feet, that he may never forfeit the crown of glory which is in store for him above.—*Christian Guardian*.

St. Clair Mission, July 20, 1837.
To the Editor of the Christian Guardian:

MY DEAR BROTHER—By the request of a good friend of mine I now again about to put some words on this paper to let you and others know thereby the work of the Great Spirit amongst my Indian Brethren in this Mission.

My dear Brother, my Indian tongue will hardly let me write in the English language, because that I have been told that you are so very particular in receiving and publishing those news written by the men who are called by your people Grammarians; and I am the poor Indian who have been dragged up by the hair of my head in the wilderness by the drunken Indians where A B C was never heard of until after I was married: Therefore I am liable to make very many mistakes or use wrong words, as one of my Indian friends of Grape Island did when he said, "By and by we go across the bay yesterday morning," but was going to say, "I shall go across the bay to-morrow morning."

You can put what I say in one corner of your good Paper, or else throw it away if you think it best, as my people do when they have got too many good things—who are at all times satisfied by having enough provision to satisfy their stomachs and no more clothing than to cover some parts of their bodies.

My dear Brother, I am glad to inform you that the work of the Great Spirit is prospering amongst the Indians in this Mission. The number of the Christian Indians are increasing continually. Our Meeting-House is pretty full when gathering ourselves together before the Great Spirit; and many of us can now say that He has his power on earth to forgive sins, and to make us happy here and beyond the grave for ever.

The Public and Class Meetings are well attended, and the Brethren are all faithful in the service of the Great Spirit, may they ever be kept in the Love of

* The Christian Indians are not now so.

Him that died for them, and received at last in Heaven with all the good people to praise Him forever with his Angels.

We have very good Schools, our children are learning to read your books, and to put words on paper as I now do; and it is astonishing to see their parents to see them put words on paper, when the words cannot be seen or felt by the hand, and how their children can handle them and preserve them on paper as long as they please; yes, Brother, it makes the parents very happy, because their children are at all times reading the good words of Jesus Christ and his great love to them, and every time they hear the sweet words of Jesus, it makes them cry out, "Thou Great Spirit, help the School Masters who are now learning our children to read thy Holy word, that we may hear more of thy love to us."

We have had in this place last week about three hundred of Indians of Sauganau; most of them are away at present on account of no provisions for them. They came over with great trouble in their minds, their words in the counsel they held with our Chiefs are as follows—"Our Relations, we are very much troubled, and we have come over to see whether you would let us live with you forever on your lands, because we do not like it to go to the Mazkiss See-pengk, (Mississippi or the Big River). We are afraid and think that the Big Knife will not let us live there forever, because he is too much like the white man's dog whose ears are as long as his nose, who will not be satisfied until he has chased the poor deer into the Sea."

Our Chiefs told them that they were not refused to live with us, but to do what is right; their request must be made known to our father the Governor in Toronto; and the letter is gone, and they are now waiting for the answer. The Sauganau Chiefs also said that about 4 hundred more of their people in the place they came from are now ready to come over if there was a place for them: Some of them have joined with us in serving the Great Spirit; in short, they all say that they will all become Christian. Oh! Brother Evans, tell all the praying white Brethren to pray a little or good deal more to the Great Spirit, that all these Indians may be converted and be saved from their sins.

My dear Brother, though I cannot reach you with my hand, I now use my heart (which has long arm) in shaking hands with you and all the good people of God that takes your Paper.

Bozhisho, bozhisho, I am your very unworthy Brother in Christ.

GEORGE HENRY,
or
MAUNGKWEUTAUZ.

MISSIONS TO TEXAS.

Early in July, Dr. Ruter proceeded from Mendville, Pa., the seat of Allegheny College, on his journey towards Texas. He got constructed at Mendville a family flat-boat, in which he and his family floated down the French Creek canal, thence down the Allegheny river to Pittsburgh, and got to the seat of the Pittsburgh Conference on Thursday, 20th of July. At this place he drew his boat to shore, and delayed during the session of the conference, making the boat his home, for himself and family. He is now on his voyage down the river to Indiana, where he intends to leave his family for the present, and proceed immediately to Texas, in order to meet his colleagues, the Rev. Messrs. Alexander and Fowler. It is expected our missionaries will proceed to organize circuits with all possible despatch, so as to form a considerable district in a very short time. Brother Ruter is Presiding Elder of Texas, as a missionary district, and can accordingly employ preachers to labor in any of the newly formed circuits.—*West. Ch. Advocate*.

FOREIGN AND ABORIGINAL MISSIONS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

[Continued.]

13. South American Mission. In our last report information was given that the Rev. Justin Spaulding had sailed for Rio de Janeiro. Since then, several letters, containing interesting information, have been received from him, in all which he gives us reason to hope that success will attend his efforts. It seems that confidence in the Catholic Church and priest-hood, and the superstitions of that communion, is daily weakening, and a brighter day, it is hoped, will dawn down upon this interesting portion of the American continent. Brother Spaulding has succeeded in forming a small society, and establishing regular preaching every Sabbath, as well as in forming Sabbath schools for the benefit and instruction of the youth. At the earnest solicitation of the people, he has also opened a day school, which is well attended by the children of the English and American citizens. And, from his representation of the need of a school, and of the entire practicability of establishing one on very advantageous terms, we have engaged a young gentleman of piety, and of classical learning, who is expected to sail for that place in the latter part of this summer or beginning of autumn.

On the 14th of October last, Rev. John Dempster, of the Oneida Conference, sailed from the port of New York, as a missionary to Buenos Ayres, by the way of Rio de Janeiro. After a fatiguing passage of fifty days, he arrived safely, and in tolerable health, at Rio, spent a few days in that place, in company with brother Spaulding, and preached once to the people with great acceptance. Finding a vessel about to sail on the fourth day after his arrival, he took his departure for Buenos Ayres. A letter from him, dated Dec. 26, 1836, announced his arrival, in improved health, at Montevideo, containing some general remarks on the state of things in that country, and of his determination to enter upon his work with all practicable despatch. Further particulars we have not received.

From these facts and representations, it appears very evident that these missions were undertaken at the right time, and that there is a fair prospect of their being productive of much good to this service. All letters relating to subscriptions, or other business concerns, should be directed to DAVID H. ELA, Agent of Zion's Herald.

Where the two are united in one letter, it is desirable that they be so written as to be easily separated.

From the commencement of the Methodist ministry in this country, it has paid particular attention to the slaves and the free people of color, even at a time when none else seemed to "care for their souls." And such has been the success which has accompanied its labors, that there are now in the communion of our Church, principally in the southern and southwestern States, not less than eighty-two thousand.

But with a view still more effectually to better the condition of these people, and more especially the slave population, for several years past missions have been established for their exclusive benefit. And notwithstanding certain circumstances have impeded the progress of these missions in some places, they are still generally prosecuted with vigor and success, and promise much good to these people. The missionaries, by their generous devotion to this service, have acquired the confidence of the southern planters, and convinced the slaves themselves that they are among their best friends—that they are actuated solely by a love for their present and future welfare. Many by these means have been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, while their masters behold with pleasure the benign influence of the gospel upon their hearts and lives.

The following are the missions of this description: Ogeechee, Coconache, to slaves in Columbus and vicinity. These are within the bounds of the Georgia Conference, and employ three missionaries, and have about three hundred church members.

The following are within the bounds of the South Carolina Conference: Cambaloo, Ashpole, Bon Pon, North and South Santee, Wateree, Pee Dee, Black River and Pee Dee, and Waccamaw Neck missions. These find employment for ten missionaries,

and have four thousand four hundred and ninety-three church members.

The Adams county and Warren county missions, for the people of color, are within the bounds of the Mississippi Conference; but as they have been recently established, we cannot say much of their success.

[To be continued.]

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
PORTSMOUTH, R. I.

I came to my appointment the second Sabbath after Conference. I found a small society, but one zealous to sustain itself, and support the ministry of the word. Our congregation is increasing in numbers, and our meetings in interest. The word in its benign and sacred influence, seems to be readily received, and happily and powerfully felt; and our prayer is, that God would stretch forth his merciful and powerful arm, give strength and courage to his children—reclaim the backsliders—arrest the sinner—give us prosperity, victory, and a glorious and extensive harvest of souls. This place has very pertinently been called the Eden of America; and O, it is too fine a place, to be given up in any measure to Satan. O brethren, pray for us, that we may prosper and have a year of jubilee, upon this beautiful island.

We have a Sabbath school, which is regularly attended, and in which there seems to be considerable interest; and in reference to which we have just established a monthly prayer meeting, for its prosperity, and the conversion of its members. We expect that God will be with us. P. MARSH.
Portsmouth, R. I., Aug. 15.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.
A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

DEAR BROTHER—A few days since I visited T—; while in the place, I was invited by Rev. Mr. G— to visit with him one of his congregations, a young lady; who was sick with the consumption. I accepted the invitation. While on the way, her pastor gave me a history of her life. She had always been a favored with a pious father and praying mother, who paid much attention to her mental culture and spiritual interests. As soon as she had come to years of understanding, she was favored with many religious privileges, and her mind was called to think on the great subject of human salvation. The more she thought, the more she became interested, for the time being. Year after year rolled away, and her privileges with them, misimproved. Seasons of revival she would be favored with, and feel too, on such occasions; but alas! she reaped no personal benefit. She neglected to strive for an interest in Christ until she had arrived to the age of 20 years. At that period a wasting consumption had commenced its destructive work. Then she began in good earnest to seek for pardon through the blood of Christ, and solicit visits from her minister, who had so often, as she had said, been inquired in calling her attention to the subject of religion.

We entered the room. She who but a few months since was full of youthful vigor, and possessed the blessing of health, lay before us; but now a wasting consumption was preying upon her vitals, and to all human appearance, she would soon be an inhabitant of that country, "from whose bourne no traveller returns." All these scenes, and every other that I could urge in relation to God's mercy and grace, she would repeat. Oh what a deeply affecting scene, to witness a youthful being like her on the point of despair. I prayed with her, and carried her case on the arms of my faith and prayer to God. When I arose from my knees she was bathed in tears; her parents were deeply affected. Just as we were about leaving the room, she called to her, Mr. G— to her bed side, and said to him, "You see I am near my end—soon I shall be gone—but I have no hope in Christ. Now I wish to say to you, as my last request,—do urge my young associates not to put off the day of repentance, as I have; for a sick bed is a poor place to repent. Tell them, from me, not to do as I have done. I wish you too, sir, to give them a history of my experience, that they may learn wisdom from my situation." I bade her farewell, never more to meet her on earth again. We left the house with peculiar feelings; never was I more deeply affected. She has since died, and gone into eternity. She has fallen into the hands of a just as well as merciful God. May Heaven save me from neglecting to make my calling and election sure.

Yours in Christ, S. G. H.

ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1837.

Correspondents are reminded that the Editor has nothing to do with the pecuniary affairs of the Herald. They are therefore requested to observe the following directions.

All communications for the columns of the paper, or intended for the editor's eye, should be directed to WILLIAM C. BROWN, Editor of Zion's Herald.

All letters relating to subscriptions, or other business concerns, should be directed to DAVID H. ELA, Agent of Zion's Herald.

Where the two are united in one letter, it is desirable that they be so written as to be easily separated.

REMOVAL.

The Methodist Book Depository and the office of the Sabbath School Messenger, are removed to No. 32 Washington street, to which place all communications for the subscriber should be addressed. D. S. KING.

PRINCIPLE.

One of the greatest errors which is committed among us at the present time, seems to be that desecration, or rather demolition of principle, which is constantly going on.—The sum of practical virtue, as well as ethical speculation, every day is, running directly into this channel, and every day men are renouncing their allegiance to stern, unyielding principle, and placing themselves under the guidance and government of circumstances—ever shifting and deceiving circumstances. Their own personal feelings, the views and opinions of others, or the anticipated effects of measures, or proposed acts, create the rule of duty, which is now in the estimation of the majority, paramount to all others.

There is a great error here. It is true that the development and application of principle will vary with circumstances—that is, acts in obedience to the law of love, for instance, will be slightly dissimilar, according to the occasions which call them forth—but never can the circumstances create obligation, or become the source of principle, or change, in the slightest degree, any law already existing. Like the river which pours on forever its mighty volume, heedless of the changes its channel undergoes at the mouth, so our obedience to principle

must be performed, irrespective of the modifications fortuitous events may cause in the application of that principle. We are not to inquire what the effect will be under given circumstances. We are not to ask if our minds be free to the act proposed. Our only question is, or should be, will this act agree with the eternal and immutable principles of virtue? When this question is once answered in the affirmative, whatever may be our feelings, or however unpromising of good, or portentous of evil, the prospect may be, it only remains for us to act as we believe to be consistent with principle.

There is never less danger, than when we do right.—It would be even blasphemous to assert that God has joined destruction to righteousness; and the only way to learn he right, is by recurring to first principles. The utter impossibility and impropriety of obeying the dictates of circumstances, will be evident, if we reflect (first) that no one can know all the circumstances, and so no one could have a perfect rule of duty, if these constituted that rule; and (second) no man can see the connection of present circumstances with future events, and this again would becloud his judgment, and lead him into error; since in his ignorance, he would often anticipate effects, which would never be realized, and shaping his conduct by that anticipation, he would do what he afterward would condemn as wrong. For these reasons, if for no others, we say, that man to learn his duty, should look back to principle, instead of looking at present circumstances, or on future effects, which may be anticipated. We not only say he should thus learn his duty, but we say that it is the only way in which he can do it; and we ask all, if it will not be far better to act in agreement with the principle God has laid down, and leave the consequences to him, than to make our own rules, by our own warped and imperfect judgment, and take to ourselves the responsibility of the consequences. Who will hesitate in deciding?

THE SPECULATING SPIRIT IN GREAT BRITAIN.—It has been remarked, that the speculating spirit, or a desire hastily to become rich, has prevailed Great Britain, as well as this country, and has brought in its train the same moral desolations as are witnessed here. We have proof of this, in the following admonitory paragraph, which we copy from the Address of the British Wesleyan Conference:—

We would also most affectionately caution you to be upon your guard, lest any of you be involved, by too easy a compliance with the spirit of the times, in schemes and speculations which, if they do not outrun the extent of your probable resources, may yet have the injurious effect of overcharging you with "care of this life," and may divert to enterprises of a merely secular and comparatively selfish character, much of that energy and of those resources which God our Saviour requires to be devoted to the service of his church, and to the extension of his kingdom. Let it be manifest to all, that, in your case, the pursuit of worldly objects is marked by a spirit of moderation and sobriety, such as may forbid the indulgence of any just suspicion on the profession which you make, of having your treasure and your heart in heaven. Your earthly gain, if purchased at the expense of that spiritual-mindedness in which alone is "life and peace," is purchased at too dear a rate, and with the fearful risk of repeated and aggravated loss of the same character. "Be sober," therefore, and be vigilant," as those who act upon the remembrance that "the end of all things is at hand," and that they only are truly rich who are rich in faith and "in good works," and who inherit the "durable riches and righteousness" which are found in the kingdom of God.

THE SABBATH SACRIFICE.

[Transcribed for the Herald.]

When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?
From marble domes and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?
Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.
—Mrs. Barbauld.

[Foreign Correspondence of the Herald.]

LETTER IX.

ETHICAL SCIENCE IN FRANCE.

To Mr. William C. Brown, Corresponding Secretary of the Young Men's Methodist Foreign Missionary Society.

PARIS, JUNE, 1837.
Rationalism.—St. Simonianism.—Reason of the decline.—Pantheism.—Quotations from the Revue de la Gironde.—on the origin of Humanity.—on its present state.—its future destiny.

MY DEAR SIR—In addition the system of philosophical speculation prevailing here, mentioned in my last, there are a few others deserving notice. The Rationalism of the German Theologians has exerted considerable influence among the clergy of the French Protestant Church. Their Faculty of Theology at Strasbourg, is at present under its control, and with the exception of an evangelical clergyman here and there, such as the Monods, the ministry of the established Protestant Church has been led by these metaphysical subtleties either to Socinianism, or to a rejection of the more spiritual and renovating truths of the gospel. Nearly all the successors of Calvin, at Geneva, have been corrupted by them. The venerable church in which he first lifted his voice against the corruptions of Rome, and from which he sent forth the echoes of religious liberty among the Alpine mountains, is now occupied for the defence of Unitarianism, and the very seminary in which the destruction of the truth are made. In Switzerland, however a gracious renovation of the church has commenced, which will be the subject of a future letter.

It is difficult to define the German Neology, it has assumed so many modifications, in the hands of different theologians, that perhaps no description would apply universally to it. Its first grand error, that which originates all its other defects, is the supreme authority which it gives to human reason in its judgments of religious truth. The inspiration of the Scriptures is denied in many cases. The supernatural character of their miracles—the doctrines of spiritual experience, and the divinity of Christ. These daring critics, by a presumptuous exegesis, which pretends to interpret the Scriptures more conformably to the genius and languages of the East, reduce the Bible to the rank of a collection of moralists, poets, and historians, worthy of the study and admiration of enlightened men in many parts, but not suited, as the basis of instruction, for the people, except it be in the form of choice passages, selected and reduced to a rational and methodical order. "The reading of the whole of the sacred code," says a Christian writer, "is generally abandoned, and even reproved by these rationalists. Extracts, abridgments, courses of instruction, or an ample exposition of what is called Natural Religion, followed by some notices of the founder, and the doctrines of Christianity, displace the book of God! The Bible is no more to be the usual and necessary volume for Christian nations, not even for those who profess to find there, as in the only source, their belief, and the principles of their conduct. They are no longer to refer to this supreme rule, nor compare the instructions of their pastors with it,—but are to be left to the mercy of their guides, who see themselves but superficially acquainted with the Scriptures, and may accommodate its truths in one place, to the fashionable philosophical opinions, in another to the dogmas of a school of theology—to human traditions, or the propensities of their own hearts." These sentiments are still prevalent all

over Germany, and in a considerable part of France and Switzerland. They are now said, however, to have pretty nearly spent their power, and to be on the decline. God grant that it may be so. An open avowal of skepticism would have been much more honorable for the cause of Christ. The miserable subterfuges in which these pseudo-Christian theologians have sheltered themselves from the friends of truth, and the truly ludicrous manner, in which they account for some of the miracles of the Bible, have rendered Christianity a laughing stock to many intelligent men, and their preaching has lulled the people into an apathy in which all the liveliness of vital religion seems extinct.

You have heard of the St. Simonians. Their movements were zealous, but have died away like the calm closing of the day, and little is now said about their system, except as a reference to something which is past.—It furnishes an interesting indication of the state of the public mind, a proof that it is craving, is agonizing for something to satisfy its moral wants, and a proof also, that it will not be satisfied with systems, however palatable, which cannot bring with them the evidences of their truth. And does not the variety of theories now being agitated attest the same fact? Why is there no dominant sect controlling the public mind? The work of experiment is going on; the multitude of systems is but the multiplication of these experiments, and the quotation we have heretofore from a distinguished writer—"We have tried Popery, and it has failed; we have tried Infidelity, and found it insufficient, now let us try the Bible,"—the sentiment of this quotation is growing in the public mind, and when the trial fails to the Bible, none of us will fear the result. St. Simonianism was a specious system. It denied the original depravity of man, and taught that the propensities of our nature were the rule of conduct, and attempted to reduce the moral law to this standard. Such a hypothesis would have been adapted to Parisian taste a few years ago, and have been received with approbation; but the times are changed. It was sustained with energy and eloquence, and received by many, and favorably considered by more—but it could not succeed. The public mind is now more in earnest than heretofore in its moral demands. St. Simonianism expired, and the people are again waiting for a more satisfactory system. An edifice once used for its meetings, and where the downfall of Christianity was triumphantly predicted, is now a Christian temple, where the foolishness of preaching is saving men—the chapel, at Rue Tait-bout, in Paris.

One of the most extraordinary systems now in vogue here, and still more so among the German literati, is Pantheism. To a sober minded American it would be scarcely credible, that men of profound minds and illustrious character, as professors of science, can spend the energies of their intellects on such amazing absurdities as the Pantheistic doctrines now prevalent in Western Europe.—Yet thus it is. Rejecting the pure light which streams upon our world from heaven, they seize in their presumption upon doctrines the most ridiculous; hypotheses which could not be excelled in absurdity by the reveries of a bedlamite. A grave article now lies before me, from which I am reluctant to translate quotations, lest they should produce an improper levity. It develops the theory of Pantheism. It was published in a popular Review, called *Revue de la Gironde*. The article is entitled "Humanity," and proposes three inquiries respecting humanity, viz:—Whence came it? What is it? And what becomes of it?

"Whence came humanity?" asks this grave Philosopher. "It appears to us acting on the earth. But there was a time when it was not. Many epochs preceded it; but science shows at present only five which have gone before us. These five phases are successive transformations through which organism has passed, from brute matter up to man. As we descend this series of transformations, we discover a greater physical force—a power of organization more solid, more inert, more compact; in proportion as we ascend it, we find an organization more supple, more active, more perfect. This successive development is nothing more than the successive development of conscience. In the womb of granites, in the entrails of rocks which form the primitive materials of the earth, it slept with a dull and peaceable slumber. It was petrified and inert as the stone which held it in its bosom. Still later, when vegetable life commenced in ferns, etc., and then, ascended to immense trees, the dull slumber of conscience lightened itself, and in a body more supple it awoke more lightly. It was then that conscience awoke its vegetables; it agitated itself in their movements and balancings. Still later, when the earth, after many convulsions, passed to an organic state, conscience in these new revolutions experienced new modifications; her sleep became more agitated, fantastic and capricious dreams animated it, and manifested themselves in the hideous forms of the carnivorous tribes, and fantastically and beautifully in the birds of the air. Every thing announced that the waking of (le réveil) of conscience approached. At last a tumult spread through all the elements and covered the earth. A calm succeeded the storm, and on the scene of the world appeared man, and in him conscience awoke. This is the commencement of humanity." But if it can be endured, let us hear him further. "Evidently humanity is not the last term of the creation, the last movement that the universe makes towards infinite perfection. As the preceding creation, it is but an intermediary between that which has gone before, and that which is to come, but a degree of the development of infinite conscience. The sentiment of distance is that then which humanity experiences most strongly. She feels that she is not one with God, that she realizes him not completely by consequence that she is placed in evil and sin. Separation from God and consciousness of this separation is the first characteristic of humanity. It has been separated from God since its creation, but has felt this separation only since it has had conscience. Humanity has given to the world the consciousness of separation from God, or, if you please, the world after having been plunged in a profound sleep, agitated only by some reveries, comes at last to have a consciousness of its state, and it is in the form of humanity that it has this sentiment, for it is then only that its conscience awakes and becomes active.

"The separation of the divine from the human is not absolute, and indeed it cannot be. The human is only the form under which the divine displays itself, and this distinction which exists between them proves only that the form is inadequate to contain that which it represents.—In effect the difference between the human and divine is not 'qualitative' but 'quantitative.' It is this difference which separates them, but the tendency is to diminish this quantitative difference; that is to say, the human tends without ceasing to equal the divine, or still more properly, humanity is a movement of the eternal progress of the universe towards identity with the idea of the divine. The function of humanity has therefore two sides, the one which determines its relation to that which has preceded, and the other to that which is to come. The first is expressed by the sentiment of separation from God, the second by a tendency to a complete union with him. Man, the microcosm, the concrete image of humanity, stands intermediate between the past and future creation. But 'whither tends humanity?' "Conscience is disengaged more and more from material force. It is captive to, and asleep in material nature, till, agitating itself slightly it begins to feel that it can relieve itself and control matter. But where stops this ascending march of conscience? In humanity? It cannot be, for in conscience knows itself imperfectly, and is ever aspiring to something higher, and tending towards the absolute. We can represent the divine idea under a mathematical form of infinite progression, of which the first term is the primal creation, the last absolute perfection. Humanity is a certain term of this progression, of what rank

we know not, because we know not the rank which it occupies. When humanity shall have signified it, it will give way to some further manifestation of the divine in the human; and this province is immense career in the future. But it is one who has been the ideal of holiness the divine. Jesus Christ was as man, and when all men shall have attained to the level of Jesus Christ, they will attain the level of the divine. Humanity will reach then its crisis, and of conscience will follow, still more

Such is one form of a system which follows some of the most profound philosophers of Germany and France. Though repulsive and blasphemous, yet it tells favorably in a small concession to the truth—old systems of philosophical infidelity fore opposed Christianity. They were they denied every thing and created a new much, though obscured with the commendable example of the Saviour, therefore as a kind of a movement perhaps to a better system. We have dency in the "eclectic" and "natural" be traced more or less in all the recent French. Would that in the midst of opinions "Christ and him crucified—power of God," could be fully declared. Many, it is to be hoped, would, cendency of the truth as it is in Jesus, saved.

Yours, &c.

A MEMBER OF THE Y.

The following is from the last Truth. "The Methodists have at last descended as a preacher the notorious E. E. in Zion's Herald, signed D. F. F. He received a location at the last session of the conference. The place at which mentioned."

The ebullition of ignorant spite above, would have been compelled vent, had the charity-loving editor catering means merely ceasing from the

As others have misapprehended the we would say, that Mr. Avery has knowledge or condemned, but has m cation, by which his connexion with try ceases.

Mr. Avery having been twice secular tribunals, and his peers in an ecclesiastical having declared the accusations sustained, it would not be expected that he would be standing in the church as a convicted of that final tribunal whose decisions can be adduced.

Conscientious men, though grievously which this case has occasioned, and at the approach and apprehension of who succeeds, led on by some editors of the made it the pretext, are willing to submit of that final tribunal whose decisions can

Mrs. HARRIET NEWELL.—A C Boston Recorder, in writing from England, remarks respecting the anti-slavery cause. We do not know in biography, if we except perhaps the life of a book, the moral and religious is equal to that of the Memoirs of who can read it without having his must have an unfeeling heart.

Mr. Knill is a distinguished clergyman. "I was at a dinner party in London when Mr. Knill was present, and after requiring respecting America, he asked a place as *Harrell*, and if I had not with any of Harriet Newell's friends, very deeply interested in reading, years ago, when he first devoted him work. He left London one morning a hundred miles distant, and took with way, the Memoir of Harriet Newell swept, and wept and read all day, and rung in his ears for a long time after

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

CORRECTION.

BR. BROWN—Please correct the statement admitted on trial at the last Henry Torbush, and not Father. rectly, but altered by the printer.

Yours, &c. D.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 17.
The difference in the two letters is crossed; and the printer is so much allowance for carelessness in the writing that he supposed it was the usual manner getting the almost undeviating accuracy more in this respect.

MORTALITY AM

Poetry.

HOME.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possessed?
Where the smile of sadness
Of meek-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which mirth's bright cheeks adorn?

Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At home! dear home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:

There eyes in all their splendor,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay or tender
Fresh eloquence impart:

Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home! dear home!

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?

Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:

The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam,
If worshippers her altar
At home! dear home!

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law;

If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling crowds around?

Go! leave thy gift unoffered,
Beneath religion's dome,
And be her first fruits proffered
At home! dear home!

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She presented her Bible to her mother, who had watched over her with an anxious and aching heart. Shortly before she died, she told her mother that she wanted to be baptized; but owing to her peculiar and severe affliction, it was omitted until it was too late. She was frequently visited by the Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, to whom I understand she gave satisfactory evidence that she was prepared for the society of the blessed in heaven. I visited her once. She manifested great resignation and patience, and I have no doubt but she has made a happy change.

In the death of Louisa Jane, her parents are called to mourn the loss of one who promised much; but their loss is her infinite gain. She rests from her labors, and is reaping the reward of her early devotedness to God. N. S. SPALDING.
Dorchester, Aug. 8, 1837.

Miscellaneous.

THE ILL-FATED STEAMER BEN SHERROD.

FACTS BY A SUFFERER.

On Saturday morning, the 5th day of May, 1837, the steam-boat Ben Sherrod, under the command of Captain Castleman, was preparing to leave the Levee at New Orleans. She was thronged with passengers.

The cabin of the Ben Sherrod was on the upper deck, but narrow in proportion to her build, for she was what is technically called a Tennessee cotton boat. To those who have never seen a cotton boat loaded, it is a wondrous sight. The bales are piled up from the lower guards wherever there is a cranny, until they reach above the second deck, room being merely left for passengers to walk outside of the cabin. You have regular alleys left amid the cotton, in order to pass about on the first deck. Such is a cotton boat, carrying from 1500 to 2000 bales.

The Ben's finish and accommodation of the cabin was by no means such as would begin to compare with the regular passenger boats. It being late in the season, and but a few large steamers being in port, in consequence of the severity of the times, the Ben Sherrod got an undue number of passengers; otherwise she would have been avoided, for her accommodations were not enticing. She had a heavy freight on board and several horses and carriages on the fore-castle. The build of the Ben Sherrod was heavy—her timbers being of the largest size.

The morning was clear and sultry; so much so that umbrellas were necessary to ward off the sun. It was a curious sight to see the hundreds of citizens hurrying on board to leave letters, and see them coming away. When a steam-boat is going off on the Southern and Western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant upon the departure of a Liverpool packet.

About ten o'clock, A. M., the ill-fated steamer pushed off upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, as a swan upon the waters. In a few minutes she was under weigh, tossing high in air bright and snowy clouds of steam at every revolution of her engine. Talk not of your Northern steam-boats, (A Mississippi steamer of 700 tons burthen, with adequate machinery, is one of the sublimes of poetry.)

On Tuesday evening, the 9th of May, 1837, the steam-boat Prairie, on her way to St. Louis bore hard upon the Ben Sherrod. It was necessary for the latter to stop at Fort Adams, during which the Prairie passed her. Great vexation was manifested by some of the passengers that the Prairie should get to Natchez first. This subject formed the theme of conversation for two or three hours, the Captain informing them that he would beat her any day.

The Prairie is a very fast boat, and under equal chances would have beat the Sherrod. So soon as the business was transacted at Fort Adams, for which she stopped, orders were given to the men to keep up the fires to the extent. It was now a little past 11 P. M. The Captain retired to his berth with his clothes on, and left the deck in charge of an officer. During the evening a barrel of whiskey had been turned out, and permission given to the hands to do as they pleased. As may be supposed, they drew upon the barrel quite liberally. It is the custom on all boats to furnish the firemen with liquor, though a difference exists as to the mode. But it is due to the many worthy Captains now on the Mississippi to state, that the practice of furnishing spirits is gradually dying away, and where they are given it is only done in moderation.

As the Sherrod passed on above Fort Adams towards the mouth of the Homochitta, the wood piled up in front of the furnaces several times caught fire, and was once or twice imperfectly extinguished by the drunken hands. It must be understood by those of my readers who have never seen a Western steam-boat, that the boilers are entirely above the first deck, and that when the fires are well kept up for any length of time, the heat is almost insupportable. Were it not for the draft occasioned by the speed of the boat, it would be very difficult to attend the fire.

As the boat was coming along through the water close to the shore, (for, in ascending the river, boats go as close as they can to avoid the current,) a negro from the beach called out to the firemen that the wood was on fire. The reply was, "Go to hell, and mind your own business," from some half-intoxicated hand. "Oh, Massa," answered the negro, "if you don't take care you will be in hell before I will." On, on, on, went the boat at a tremendous rate, quivering and trembling at every revolution of the wheels. The steam was created so fast that it continued to escape through the safety-valve, and by its sharp singing told a tale that every prudent captain would have understood. As the vessel rounded the bar that makes off the Homochitta, being compelled to stand out into the middle of the river in consequence, the fire was discovered. It was about one o'clock in the morning. A passenger had got up previously, and was standing on the boiler-deck, when to his astonishment the fire broke out from the pile of wood. A little presence of mind, and a set of men uninitiated, could have saved the boat. The passenger seized a bucket, and was about to plunge it overboard for water, when he found it was locked. An instant more, and the fire increased in volume. The captain was now awakened—he saw the fire had reached the deck—he ran aft and announced the ill tidings.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the shrieks of mothers, sisters and babes, resounded through the hitherto silent cabin in the wildest confusion. Men were aroused from their dreaming cots to experience the hot air of approaching fire. The pilot being elevated on the hurricane deck, at the instant of perceiving the flames, put the head of the boat shorewards. She had scarcely got under way in that direction, than the tiller ropes were burnt asunder. Two miles at least from the land, the vessel took a sheer, and borne upon the current, made several revolutions, until she struck off across the river. A bar brought her up for the moment. The flames had now extended fore and aft. At the first alarm several deck passengers had gotten into the yawl that hung suspended by the davits. A cabin passenger endowed with some degree of courage and presence of mind, expostulated with them, and did all he could to save the boat for the ladies. "Twas useless. One took out his knife and cut away the forward tackle. The next instant, and they were all, to the number of twenty or more, launched into the angry waters. They were seen no more. The boat being lowered from the other end, filled, and was useless. Now came the trying moment. Hundreds leaped from the burning wreck into the waters. Mothers were seen standing on the guards, with dishevelled hair, praying for help. Their dear little innocents clung to the side of their mothers, and their tiny hands beat away the burning flames. Sisters called out to their brothers in uncertain voices—"Save me, oh my brother,"—wives crying to their husbands to save their children, in total forgetfulness of themselves—every second or two a desperate plunge of some poor victim falling on the appalling ear—the dashing to and fro of the horses on the fore-castle, groaning for pain of the devouring elements—the continued puffing of the engine, for it still continued to go—the screaming mother, who had leaped overboard in the desperation of the moment with her only child—the flames mounting to the sky with the rapidity of lightning—shall I ever forget that scene—the hour of horror and alarm? Never, were I to live till the memory shall forget all else that ever came to the senses. The short half hour that separated and plunged into eternity 200 human beings has been so burnt into the memory, that even now I think of it more than half the day.

I was swimming to the shore with all my might, endeavoring to sustain a mother and child. My strength failed me. The babe was nothing—a mere cork. "Go, go," said the brave mother, "save my child, save my—," and she sunk to rise no more. Nerved by the resolution of that woman I reached the shore in safety. The babe I saved. Ere I reached the beach, the Sherrod had swung off the bar, and was slowly floating down, the engine having ceased running. In every direction heads dotted the surface of the river. A new, and still more awful appearance the burning wreck now bore. Mothers were seen clinging with the last hope to the blazing timbers, and dropping off one by one. The screams had ceased. A sullen silence rested o'er the devoted vessel. The flames became tired of their destructive work.

While I sat dripping and overcome upon the beach, a steam-boat, the Columbus, hove in sight, and bore for the wreck. It seemed like one last ray of hope gleaming across the dead gloom of that night. Several wreches were saved. And still another, the Statesman, hove in sight. More were saved.

A moment to me, had only elapsed, when high in the heavens the cinders flew, and the country was lighted all around. Still another boat came booming on. I was happy that more help had come. After an exchange of words with the Columbus, he continued on his way under full steam. Oh, how my heart sunk within me! The waves created by this boat sent many a poor mortal to his long home. A being by the name of Dougherty was the captain of that merciless boat.

My hands were burnt, and I now began to experience severe pain. The scene before me—the loss of my two sisters and brother, whom I had missed in my confusion—all had stealed my heart. I could not weep—I could not sigh. The cries of the babe at my side were nothing to me.

Again—another explosion!—and the waters closed slowly and suddenly over the scene of disaster and death. Darkness resumed her sway, and the stillness was only interrupted by the distant efforts of the Columbus and Statesman in their laudable exertions to save human life.

I could tell of scenes of horror that would rouse the indignation of a stone; but I have done. As to myself I could tell you much to incite your interest. It was more than three weeks after the occurrence before I ever shed a tear. All the fountains of sympathy had been dried up, and my heart was as a stone. As I lay on my bed the twenty-fourth day after, tears came to my relief, and I felt the loss of my sisters and brother more deeply than ever. Peace be to their spirits—they found a watery grave.

(From the Northampton Courier.)

U. S. ARMORY, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Springfield embodies within its territory some of the most finished, expensive, and curious machinery constructed in the United States. We may go further, and say, that many of the most ingenious and penetrating minds in the mechanic arts, are to be found in the workshops of the Armory in Springfield. A few hours of leisure the other day, enabled us to examine this establishment in detail.—The Water Shops are places of curious interest to visit. Machinery of immense power, of the most intricate and complicated construction, possessing the nicest accuracy, and of the most costly character, is to be found there. Beginning at the lower forging shop, the iron is found in its rude state, and with the aid of a furnace, and immense trip hammers, it is formed into rough bar iron. Rolling mills for all descriptions of iron, are here seen, and ponderous bars are reduced to small rods, with the readiness that putty could be moulded to any size. It is a legitimate branch of Vulcan's shop. The case with which immense bars of iron are cut off by huge shears, almost staggers credulity. Here is power exerted through the aid of machinery, on an immense scale. In contiguous shops, the stock of the musket is turned by machinery, from a rough stick of timber. An iron gun stock regulates the movements of the chisels, and the curious operation, which once cost the labor of hours, is now performed in the space of a few minutes. The gun barrels are manufactured in another shop, where the furnace fires glare with a red heat, and the ponderous hammer, operating by water, keep up a din loud enough to break the eardrums.

It is impossible to go through with the details of all the process and machinery for forging the different parts of the locks, finishing them with exquisite taste, putting them together, and preparing the barrel and the stock for their appropriate uses. Every thing is conducted with great system and exactness. Each workman has his appropriate part to perform, and by classification of labor, they are enabled to arrive at

perfection, in their various departments. As evidence of the labor bestowed upon a musket, and the number of hands it is compelled to pass through, we ascertained that the lock alone, all the various parts of it, were operated upon by more than eighty different individuals. Most of the machinery in operation was invented by the workmen,—an evidence that skill coupled with practical knowledge, has decided superiority over more scientific attainments. The appearance of the whole building is extremely neat and orderly. We premise a more intelligent class of men, in the mechanic arts, cannot be found, either in Europe or in this country.

[Yes—we doubt not that they are both intelligent and industrious, but what a lamentable consideration that in a Christian country, and in the 19th century of the Christian era, it is thought to be necessary for a large number of men to be kept constantly at work in making instruments, the avowed use of which, is to be used in killing their fellow men. Alas, alas, what little progress have we made in Christianity, when whole Christian nations disregard the direct injunction of the Almighty, in that solemn command—"Thou shalt not kill," and another of our blessed Redeemer, equally solemn and binding, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies."—Ed.]

(From the New York Farmer.)

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF APPLES.

During the two last summers and falls, my duties called me into the apple regions of the North. The following facts were obtained in reference to the subject:—

Good eating apples are worth on an average, 25 cents a bushel. Eight bushels of apples make a barrel of cider, and twelve barrels of cider make one barrel of brandy. Brandy, at 50 cents per gallon, would give but fifteen cents per bushel.—This, on an orchard of one hundred trees, in ten years, would be over one thousand dollars! No allowance is made for capital and labor connected with distilling. Take these into consideration, and the loss is much greater.

It costs no more to raise good apples, suitable for market, than to raise apples only suitable for distilling. Very often apples are worth one dollar per bushel, and the loss is immense, by turning them into brandy. I am told that at Mobile, apples are now worth \$10 a barrel.

Engrafting and budding will change the character of an orchard, and more than compensate for the time and amount lost, in producing the change in ten years.

Apples make most excellent food for horses.—Several physicians of extensive practice in Connecticut and Massachusetts, feed their horses on apples and hay. I have never seen fatter horses, more sleek and spirited. Their hair is much more lively, and requires less grooming than that of horses fed on grain. Mr. Norton, of Farmington, Conn., has about the finest pair of horses I have ever seen. They are fed mainly on apples and hay. They travel very fast, and seem to have both wind and bottom. It is proper, however, to remark, that not so much grain is given to horses at the North, as is customary at the South. One thing is worth noticing: horses fed on apples do not eat as much hay as when they are fed on grain.

Very sour raw apples injure the teeth of horses; but when boiled they do not. The rule of feeding is to commence with a small quantity, and gradually increase to a bushel a day for one year. Apples are most excellent food for bees. The fattest beef I have seen, was made so with sweet apples.

Nothing will fatten mutton quicker than apples. It is necessary, or best, to cut up the apples when fed to sheep.

Hogs care nothing for corn, if they can get apples; if sweet, the apples may be given without boiling—if sour, they must be boiled. Mixed with corn meal the flesh is firmer.

Apples increase the quantity and quality of milk. At first there was a prejudice against giving apples to milk cows, because it was thought they diminished or dried up the milk. It is true, that a gorge of apples, or any other green food will cause a fever, and dry up the milk; but given in proper quantities, the effect is quite different.

Cattle and hogs are purchased and fattened on apples, and sold to a fine profit—when to fatten them on corn would ensure a loss.

Sweet apples and good eating apples, are to be preferred as food for horses, sheep and cows; also for hogs; though some recommend a mixture of sour and sweet apples for hogs.

If these remarks should induce any to test their correctness by making a fair experiment, the object of my writing will be fully answered.

THOMAS P. HUNT.

A GOOD CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN.

A NUMBER of young men are wanted to act as travelling agents in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, for the purpose of obtaining subscribers for the following periodicals:—The Farmer's Cabinet, Mechanic's Register, and Ladies' Garland. Good wages will be given and prompt pay. Persons wishing to avail themselves of the pleasant and quiet nervous trip, and to receive a liberal compensation, will for further information address a line (post paid) with suitable recommendations, to J. C. GOOD-RIDGE, Boston.

A PLACE WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes for a stand as a TAILOR in some country village where he can support a small family. He is acquainted with every branch of the tailoring business, and is confident that he can give satisfaction. A line directed to me at Lynn, Mass., will meet with prompt attention. JAMES MUSGROVE.

[This may certify that the subscriber to the above is a man of good character and steady habits. He is also a good and faithful workman. Aug. 16.]

PARLEY'S BOOK OF THE U. STATES.

THIS day published by CHAS. J. HENDEE, Peter Parley's book of the United States, Geographical, Political and Historical, with Comparative Views of other countries. Illustrated by 40 engravings, designed and executed in the best manner, expressly for this work, and eight Maps, from new steel plates.

The attention of Teachers, School Committees and Parents is invited to this book, as it is believed to be well adapted for use in Schools and Families. It forms an 18mo volume of upwards of 200 pages, to which is added about 1000 questions on the matter in the body of the work; together with several hundred questions on the maps.

Notwithstanding the extensive circulation of the works by this author, it is confidently believed this work is destined to an equally extended popularity.

It also forms an excellent introduction to the First Book of History, by the same author. For sale by the Booksellers generally. If Aug. 2.

PAPER HANGINGS.

PERSONS about purchasing Paper Hangings, are respectfully invited to call at the Manufactory and Warehouse, at the corner of Salem and Endicott streets, where they may upon obtaining a good article for their money. N. B.—We have a number of experienced paper hangers in our employ, and will thankfully receive and promptly execute orders for papering that our friends and the public may be enabled to have us with. A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. JAMES E. SPEAR, & OTIS MERRIAM.

4m June 14

perfection, in their various departments. As evidence of the labor bestowed upon a musket, and the number of hands it is compelled to pass through, we ascertained that the lock alone, all the various parts of it, were operated upon by more than eighty different individuals. Most of the machinery in operation was invented by the workmen,—an evidence that skill coupled with practical knowledge, has decided superiority over more scientific attainments. The appearance of the whole building is extremely neat and orderly. We premise a more intelligent class of men, in the mechanic arts, cannot be found, either in Europe or in this country.

[Yes—we doubt not that they are both intelligent and industrious, but what a lamentable consideration that in a Christian country, and in the 19th century of the Christian era, it is thought to be necessary for a large number of men to be kept constantly at work in making instruments, the avowed use of which, is to be used in killing their fellow men. Alas, alas, what little progress have we made in Christianity, when whole Christian nations disregard the direct injunction of the Almighty, in that solemn command—"Thou shalt not kill," and another of our blessed Redeemer, equally solemn and binding, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies."—Ed.]

(From the New York Farmer.)

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF APPLES.

During the two last summers and falls, my duties called me into the apple regions of the North. The following facts were obtained in reference to the subject:—

Good eating apples are worth on an average, 25 cents a bushel. Eight bushels of apples make a barrel of cider, and twelve barrels of cider make one barrel of brandy. Brandy, at 50 cents per gallon, would give but fifteen cents per bushel.—This, on an orchard of one hundred trees, in ten years, would be over one thousand dollars! No allowance is made for capital and labor connected with distilling. Take these into consideration, and the loss is much greater.

It costs no more to raise good apples, suitable for market, than to raise apples only suitable for distilling. Very often apples are worth one dollar per bushel, and the loss is immense, by turning them into brandy. I am told that at Mobile, apples are now worth \$10 a barrel.

Engrafting and budding will change the character of an orchard, and more than compensate for the time and amount lost, in producing the change in ten years.

Apples make most excellent food for horses.—Several physicians of extensive practice in Connecticut and Massachusetts, feed their horses on apples and hay. I have never seen fatter horses, more sleek and spirited. Their hair is much more lively, and requires less grooming than that of horses fed on grain. Mr. Norton, of Farmington, Conn., has about the finest pair of horses I have ever seen. They are fed mainly on apples and hay. They travel very fast, and seem to have both wind and bottom. It is proper, however, to remark, that not so much grain is given to horses at the North, as is customary at the South. One thing is worth noticing: horses fed on apples do not eat as much hay as when they are fed on grain.

Very sour raw apples injure the teeth of horses; but when boiled they do not. The rule of feeding is to commence with a small quantity, and gradually increase to a bushel a day for one year. Apples are most excellent food for bees. The fattest beef I have seen, was made so with sweet apples.

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